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## Money for Public Buildings.

Delay in the construction of buildings  
needed by the government—imperatively  
needed, as in the cases of the Department  
of Justice and Department of Commerce  
and Labor—is shortsighted, costly, and  
entirely unwarranted.

The Senate's action in passing the Scott  
bill providing homes for the two depart-  
ments here mentioned should be immedi-  
ately concurred in by the House. Such  
a bill ought to have been enacted into law  
long ago. The spectacle of the Department  
of Justice occupying inadequate rented  
quarters all these years is a standing dis-  
grace, as one of the Senators remarked  
in debate. It is excusable or explicable  
on no logical ground that we can discern.

The Department of Commerce and Labor  
having been created in recent years, the  
explanation of its position is more clear;  
but the building of a permanent home  
for it should have been under way months  
and months ago.

It is the height of governmental folly to  
postpone public improvements that must  
be made. Uncle Sam is not only unbecom-  
ingly placed in the role of tenant, but the  
yearly outlay incident thereto would  
more than pay the interest on the mil-  
lions required to construct needed build-  
ings that would serve for a century to  
come.

Equally shortsighted and expensive is  
the delay in purchasing the property  
south of the Avenue which the govern-  
ment has definitely determined to ac-  
quire. Each passing year is showing an  
enhancement in values, and the  
postponement inevitably means a larger  
outlay. Buying piecemeal and doing pub-  
lic work by piecemeal involves a policy  
of extravagance—not of economy—and Con-  
gress cannot too soon awaken to the fact.

## Case of Collector Stone.

William F. Stone is an accomplished  
politician, persona grata in high degree  
to Republicans who attend national con-  
ventions and a man of recognized im-  
portance in the party's councils when-  
ever the vote of the State of Maryland is  
at stake.

But is he the right sort of man to fill  
the position of collector of the port of  
Baltimore? Frankly, we have some mis-  
givings, even in spite of the assurances  
of the Republican press of that city that  
the charges are unfounded and inspired  
wholly in the interest of a rival candi-  
date for the place.

In these days of governmental reforms  
a political boss is not the ideal man for  
official duty.

The country has been given an exam-  
ple of what can be accomplished in  
reforming the customs service by the  
magnificent work done by Collector Loeb  
at the port of New York. He has  
brought honesty out of corruption and  
is saving the government countless thou-  
sands of dollars.

That Baltimore offers a field for sim-  
ilar reforms we have not the slightest  
doubt.  
It may not be good politics to displace  
so eminent a politician as Col. Stone  
from so desirable an office, but it seems  
to us it might be good business. And  
in the end, good business usually becomes  
good politics.

It is gratifying to find that the nomi-  
nation has been held up pending a full  
investigation of the complaints made by  
Baltimore business men. If a vindica-  
tion comes out of this investigation and  
Col. Stone is shown to be as capable  
and efficient a collector as he is a  
shrewd and successful politician, then  
his reappointment and prompt confirma-  
tion should follow naturally.

## Political Complications.

Unprecedented political complications,  
even for an "off-year" campaign, are  
promised in the Congressional contests  
soon coming on. The Republican party  
must stand upon the record it has made.  
It cannot escape it, if it would, and it is  
evident now, months in advance, that it  
intends aggressively to champion that  
record.

Opposition within the party to the ruling  
powers in Congress, which has taken  
the form of open antagonism in the Sen-  
ate and House, supported by an indi-  
vidual section of the Republican press,  
creates a complication that will prove  
troublesome in the extreme. We take  
no stock in the persistent reports that  
warfare is to be waged against the so-  
called insurgents who broke with the or-  
ganization on the tariff, but it is quite  
conceivable that it will fall to their lot  
to work out their own salvation as best  
they can. That some of these insurgents,  
by reason of existing sentiment, will be  
abundantly vindicated seems well assured.  
Nevertheless, a marked change in the per-  
sonnel of the House is to be expected, if  
not Democratic control.

But the Republicans have had compli-  
cations to deal with before and not gone  
down to defeat. Roosevelt's regime was  
not for the partisan troubles it en-

gendered. They plagued the party, but  
it continued to thrive.

No doubt the Democracy will profit by  
the complications besetting the powers  
that be. Chairman Lloyd, of the Con-  
gressional committee, frankly avows an  
intention to make the most of the Re-  
publican troubles.

Insurgent speeches against the new  
tariff will be used as Democratic litera-  
ture. The high cost of living will be the  
text of Democratic keynotes. All this  
will count, to some extent at least. But  
what of the Democratic party's record on  
the tariff? Did it stand resolutely and  
unbrokenly for revision downward? Has  
it remained steadfast to its tariff con-  
victions of other days? Here are some  
questions it must answer on the stump.  
A campaign of complications is forth-  
coming—and the complications are not  
all on one side.

## Congress and the North Pole.

Really, the strenuous efforts of Con-  
gress to get at Mr. Peary's data and  
proofs in re the north pole are produc-  
ing some decidedly singular results.

A day or so ago we were informed that  
Mr. Peary could not—and would not—let  
Congress have those proofs and things,  
because Mr. Peary has bound himself up  
in certain contracts with magazines and  
publishing houses that will not permit  
of the same. It was pointed out that the  
breaking of these contracts would entail  
massive financial disaster upon Mr. Peary.  
To tell Congress all about that wonderful  
journey into the far north would be  
but to tell it to the world, for Congress  
would, in justifying its honoring of Mr.  
Peary, necessarily divulge to the people  
at large just why.

This excuse was at once seized upon by  
the country as exceedingly lame and un-  
satisfactory, in view of the fact that Mr.  
Peary's information is believed to be,  
by right, the country's information—  
Congress having been paying Mr. Peary  
a salary for the past twenty-three years  
to gather it.

Now, however, we are informed that  
Mr. Peary will not submit his data to  
Congress, because Congress would not  
understand a word of it if he did. It  
would be, in fact, casting pearls before  
swine. In other words, Mr. Peary hopes,  
by means of this data, to convince the  
world at large, via the magazines and  
the lecture platforms, that he really and  
truly did discover the north pole; but he  
shrinks decidedly and positively from  
endeavoring to convince Congress of it,  
even with the same data!

Let us hope Congress appreciates the  
full and complete significance of that at-  
titude! It strikes us as being decidedly  
droll, to say the least of it. And still,  
there may be something in it. We in-  
cline neither to affirm nor deny. We  
have heard some surprising tales of Con-  
gressional stupidity, and it may be true  
that Congress would be unable to get  
any sense whatever out of a lot of arctic  
records and things that are all to be as  
plain as daylight to the people who read  
the magazines later on!

Since the size of the medal Mr. Peary  
has coming to him still remains pain-  
fully undetermined, why may not Con-  
gress call upon the Navy Department  
for the records? Mr. Macon, profes-  
sing no scientific attainments, has pre-  
sented one phase of this exploration claim  
in a manner that commands attention. It  
will not be silenced by geographical  
sneers. Further illumination is needed.  
Call for the records. Congress is en-  
titled to them.

The suggestion of another republic in  
South America should not prevail. There  
are more down there now than one can  
remember the names of.

If that Black Hand story was all an  
advertising dodge, the conclusion that  
Caruso has been singing into the phono-  
graphs again seems warranted.

A New Jersey dog will bite nothing  
but deacons. Must be some relation of  
the late unlamented Pete, of the White  
House, who would bite nothing lower in  
the social scale than an ambassador.

"Mr. Lillis moves in the highest Kan-  
sas City circles," says a news item.  
Still, that did not restrain Mr. Cudahy  
from giving him the cut direct.

Another sign in Jeffries' favor is that  
the Fourth of July appears on the cal-  
endar in red and not in black.

"Diamonds are going up. But who is  
interested in diamonds?" inquires a con-  
temporary. Who? Several million base-  
ball fans. That's all!

The administration's railroad bill is  
trying its best not to get side-tracked.

"We are advised by Prof. Munsterberg  
that woman is the head of the house,"  
says the Springfield (Mo.) Republican.  
For which advice, of course, you thank  
the professor not at all!

Prudent housewives will not put off  
their spring cleaning until May 15, mer-  
ely because Halley's comet is to  
sweep the earth with its tail on that  
date.

"Our idea of nothing to wear is a  
spring overcoat," says the New York  
Mail. Well, we are glad you did not say  
a bathing suit, anyway.

Hon. "Matt" Henson probably does not  
care a hoot what happens.

Meat is advancing steadily, we are  
advised, and the cold storage variety  
faster than the fresh. Who started that  
boycott foolishness?

Somewhat, George Boresome Shaw  
seems about the fit and proper name for  
him.

A New York society man proposes to  
celebrate his divorce with "a series of  
balls." Highballs, probably.

And now it is whispered that many  
Republicans are secretly hoping the next  
House may be Democratic; they believe  
it will insure the Republicans the Presi-  
dency in 1912. Evidently, the Republicans  
still believe in the Democrats' ability  
to mess things hopelessly.

Just to show Congress that March has  
not forgotten its diabolical cunning, wit-  
ness yesterday. March 4 this year was  
entirely misleading.

Mr. Macon, of Arkansas, also seems to  
be from Missouri.

Congressman Hardwick wishes Con-  
gress to experiment \$20,000 worth on the  
parcels post project. The idea seems

reasonable—so reasonable, indeed, that  
Mr. Hardwick probably will have to give  
it up.

Occasionally, however, it so happens  
that the odor of trying him inclines one  
to forgive the beef trust much in spite  
of oneself!

Col. "Jack" Astor and Maj. "Jack"  
Cudahy seem to be a pretty good pair  
not to draw to.

The Ballinger-Pinchot hearing draws  
ten women to one man. About time for  
the Ladies' Home Journal and the Wom-  
an's Home Companion to get mixed in  
that row.

We presume it had to come, of course.  
A near-fashion authority says the "Chan-  
celier" styles are "decidedly chic."

"We do not believe automobiles are al-  
lowed on the golden streets," observes the  
Columbia State. At least, the "scorch-  
ers" are ruled off that thoroughfare.

Perhaps Mr. Peary does not understand  
that nobody ever reads the Congressional  
Record.

Unless the big nations of the earth hold  
themselves in check, it may soon be nec-  
essary to hang out R. R. O. signs around  
and about the various oceans.

## CHAT OF THE FORUM.

**Raising Cane in Texas.**  
From the Austin Standard.  
A great deal of cane should be raised in Texas  
this year.

**The Committee's Findings.**  
From the Philadelphia North American.  
The Senate committee seems to have just about  
decided that the trouble with the cost of living is  
that it is too cheap.

**Foggy Atmosphere of London.**  
From the Detroit Free Press.  
London expects only five days of fog since last No-  
vember, but this doesn't include that which sur-  
rounded King Edward's opening speech to Parlia-  
ment.

**Texas Senatorial Outfit.**  
From the Houston Post.  
It isn't necessary for Texas to divide into five  
States in order to have ten United States Senators.  
The two Senators Texas has now are more than  
equal to any other twenty Senators.

**Let's Be Up and Doing.**  
From the New York Mail.  
While the present Congress may not be a leading  
one in the strict sense of the word, all hands must  
admit that it is singularly free from signs of over-  
work.

**Senate Is Behindhand.**  
From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.  
Something must be done with the fellows up in  
Washington. They are growing too stingy with  
the people's money. The House voted away only \$24-  
000,000 out of one sitting the other day, while the Senate  
disposed of a trifling \$43,000,000.

**Chairman Mack's Consistency.**  
From the New York Mail.  
Chairman Mack, of the Democratic National Com-  
mittee, has already signed out a big Democratic  
majority in the next House. He knows that it is  
far easier to do that now than it will be after the  
November elections.

**Drawing Water.**  
From the Arkansas Gazette.  
All the indications are that the river and harbor  
appropriation bill will draw more water when it  
gets to the Senate, but the more water the river  
and harbor bills draw in Congress the more water  
will the rivers and harbors draw.

**Mr. Gore's Explanation.**  
From the Hartford Courant.  
Mr. Gore, of Oklahoma, voted against  
the postal savings bank bill, though it  
was originally his "steadfast intention"  
to vote for it. He did not leave the Sen-  
ate in ignorance of his reasons. The  
bill, he said, had received "a hypodermic  
injection of constitutionalism." A well-oiled  
the-wisp from the mountains (Mr. Smoot)  
had been busy with it. "I believe that  
this measure is a Trojan horse, and that  
a central bank will be found within its  
hollow sides," said Mr. Gore. "It has  
been converted from a buckler for the  
protection of the people into a guillotine  
for their destruction," said Mr. Gore. "I  
am willing to set the dove on her own  
eggs to hatch out peace and promise for  
the poor," he said, "but I am unwilling  
to set the dove upon the serpent's eggs,  
which, when hatched out, are to sting  
both the mother and the poor to the  
death." No wonder the Oklahoma folks  
talk of their Senator's eloquence with  
pride and a touch of awe!

**The Professional Southerner.**  
Roland Ellis, in New York American.  
A professional Southerner is one who  
wears a broad-brimmed hat, who stands  
around the lobby of hotels in the North,  
who never heard a bullet sing, but who  
throws a fit every time the band plays  
"Dixie." He usually hails from either  
Georgia or Mississippi.

A professional Southerner always at-  
tends banquets and prefaces his remarks  
with the statement that he is from the  
other side of Mason and Dixon's line.  
He always plays strong on the name of  
a family that never fought. We who  
have been in the troubles of the '60's,  
through our forebears, do not talk.

A man can be a loyal son of that great,  
beautiful Southland without tearing off  
his shirt and yelling blue murder when-  
ever the foreign band in a restaurant  
starts playing "Southern" war songs. There  
is only one national hymn in this coun-  
try, and that, sir, is "America."

**All in a Lifetime.**  
From Life.  
Half the world doesn't know how the  
other half dodges bill collectors.  
Opportunity often travels in the guise  
of misfortune.

It is impossible to make a great man  
out of two small ones.  
A coquette is the most cursed and most  
courted of all human beings.

You can lead a politician into office, but  
you can't make him keep his promises.  
A man's conduct toward others is de-  
termined by his respect for himself, not  
his respect for them. His respect for  
himself is the measure of his respect for  
others.

He is an eminently successful man who  
can induce those around him to abide by  
rules which he himself disregards.

**Oshkosh and Such Like.**  
From the New York Mail.  
In Oshkosh, Wis., there is being agitated  
a movement to change the name of that  
beautiful city. Those behind the move-  
ment say that Oshkosh is a joke in the  
East, that it gives the impression to those  
who know nothing about it that it is a  
hick town. This is true, in a way. But  
if Oshkosh should change its name, we  
suggest that it omit the letter K. The  
suggestion of K in the name of a place is  
an element of musical comedy humor, as  
witness the ready laughter that greets  
the mere mention of Kankakee, Kōkomo,  
Kaskaskia, Oskaloosa, and Such. Much  
of the cheap ridicule about Kansas would  
have been avoided if the name of the  
State had not begun with K.

**As Bill Nye Saw It.**  
From the Kansas City Times.  
Bill Nye described a five-shot Colt's re-  
volver as "Prof. Colt's five-volume treatise  
on the ventilation of the human system."

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

**A STAGE SAILOR.**  
In sailor togs you see me prance.  
Yo, ho!  
I talk sea talk at every chance.  
Yo, ho!  
I also do a song and dance.  
Yo, ho!

I have first place upon the bill.  
Yo, ho!  
My knowledge of the sea is nil.  
Yo, ho!  
I am a tar in vaudeville.  
Yo, ho!

**Waterways to Order.**  
"Maybe we could learn a lesson from  
Mars."  
"As to how?"  
"We are constantly dredging and al-  
tering our rivers, but they have evi-  
dently figured that it is easier to dig  
canals to suit."

**A Wise Judge.**  
"You married this man on a bet?"  
"Yes, judge."  
"And after six weeks you want a di-  
vorce?"  
"I do."

"I should think anybody who would  
marry on a bet would be a gamer sport.  
The divorce is refused. Mr. Clerk, call  
the next case."

**Hard to Approach.**  
The young reporter, hat askew,  
About the park is hobnobbing.  
He has been sent to interview  
The early robin.

**Would Come High.**  
"You pay a professional man for what  
he knows."  
"Then, I'll never hire that fellow."  
"Why not?"  
"He knows it all."

**The Test.**  
"I thought my play had some pretty  
good things in it," remarked the philoso-  
phical author, "but I guess I was  
wrong."  
"Why so?"  
"Nobody is accusing me of plagiarism."

**Handicapped.**  
"I believe he will kick about matters  
in the celestial regions."  
"Oh, I don't know. He won't have the  
same argument that he had on earth."  
"What do you mean?"  
"He won't be a taxpayer there."

**SENATORIAL SNUFF BOXES.**  
New Ones to Replace the Old in the  
United States Senate Chamber.

From the New York Mail.  
When the attendants of the United  
States Senate received orders the other  
day to remove the two old snuff boxes  
long in use in the Senate chamber and  
replace them with new ones, attentive  
observers got a reminder that the use  
of snuff is gradually increasing.

The habit, once so common, has never  
by any means declined as generally as  
has been popularly believed. Snuff mak-  
ing, though somewhat restricted as com-  
pared with its former volume, is still a  
highly profitable business and is said to  
have risen to the dignity of a "snuff  
trust"—a kind of a monopoly of sneeze  
producers.

At a recent sale in this city a rare col-  
lection of old snuff boxes brought some  
\$40,000. Many of the boxes were of pre-  
cious metals and richly jeweled.

They were curious souvenirs of the  
lordly days when a swell, even though  
he were shining buckles on his shoes  
and lace cuffs on his sleeves, could not  
consider himself fully outfitted unless he  
carried a golden snuff box in his silken  
waistcoat.

**Man-eating Sharks.**  
From the New York Press.  
For years there was a legend in New  
York that Hermann Oelrichs had a stand-  
ing \$100 reward for any one who could  
submit an authentic case where a man  
was attacked by a shark. This story  
probably got into currency through the  
long and fearless feats of Oelrichs as a  
swimmer in any waters. One day an in-  
vestigator asked Oelrichs, who said the  
whole thing was a myth. When the  
French steamer La Seyne was wrecked  
recently in the Straights of Rhio many  
of the ninety passengers who were lost  
were seized and devoured as soon as  
they struck the water by the Malay  
sharks, called the "ikan yu." Some of  
them are twenty-five feet in length and  
keep the pearl divers in constant terror.  
The basking shark, which ranges from  
the Cape of Good Hope to Ceylon, often  
exceeds a length of fifty feet.

**One on Dad.**  
From the Cleveland Leader.  
"Son, why did you play truant and go  
skating to-day?"  
"Pa, do you remember what you sent  
me to bed for last night?"  
"Why, no—what—?"  
"For asking fool questions!"

**Better Than Stovaine.**  
From the Kansas City Times.  
"How do you extract women's teeth  
without their screaming? You don't give  
gas."  
"But my office is opposite a depart-  
ment store's millinery display. When  
the women get absorbed in looking at  
hats they're oblivious to pain."

**THE DAY IS DONE.**  
The day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night.  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.  
I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist;  
A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.  
Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt feeling,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the birds sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.  
For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor,  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs like those of birds,  
As from the sky's own choir,  
Or from the earth's revery start.

What, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasure volumes  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the soul itself shall feel in music,  
While the world's forgotten day,  
In the dream of a life, is stilled away.

—Lord Dunsany.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS.

**Sneezing a Misdemeanor.**  
In our own United States the stage  
has not yet been reached where it is con-  
sidered a crime punishable under the law  
to sneeze outside of one's own abode.  
Such are the municipal regulations, how-  
ever, of the town of Driesen-Vordamm,  
in Brandenburg, with regard to street  
noises, and so rigidly are they enforced  
that it is considered the height of folly  
and nervousness to tempt the minions of  
the law by even the gentlest kind of a  
sneeze. Recently a stranger was arrested  
in the town mentioned for no less a  
crime than a mere sneeze, and was fined  
the sum of five marks for his violation of  
the laws. The stranger refused to pay,  
and though assured that this small fee,  
if forthcoming, would save him from the  
properly deserved alternative of a term  
in prison, he remained by his guns, pre-  
ferring to argue the matter out in the  
local courts. He was eventually acquitted,  
as it happens, but since the precedent  
thus established would seem to leave some  
doubt as to the majesty of the law of  
Driesen-Vordamm, the prefect of police  
absolutely refuses in future to answer for  
order in the streets under his supervision.

**British Treasure Lost.**  
In 1798 the British privateer Braake  
set sail for the west Atlantic with a  
cargo of gold to pay off the British  
troops stationed in various parts of the  
world. She never succeeded in her er-  
rand, however, for the good captain  
either decided to turn pirate or merely  
wished to show his zeal in making war  
on all enemies of England, with the re-  
sult that after capturing a Spanish mer-  
chantman and transferring her precious  
cargo to his own vessel; another Spanish  
ship, carrying a church service of richly  
jeweled gold to some New World cathe-  
dral, and a French ship laden with silks,  
spices, silver, bars, and brandy, the  
Braake was overtaken by a hurricane on  
nearing the American coast and went  
down off Cape Henlopen. Several of the  
crew of the Braake escaped in an open  
boat and reached land, and their tales  
of the treasure on the sunken ship caused  
several expeditions to be launched in  
the hope of recovering some of the  
booty. But nothing of any value was  
brought to the surface. The last attempt  
was that of Charles Adams, who fitted  
out a ship under the auspices of the  
Wise Department. He was unable even  
to locate the wreck, and it is most likely  
that the entire treasure is by this time  
deeply submerged in the ooze of the  
ocean bed. The cargo of the Braake at  
the time she was lost consisted of more  
than \$500,000 in British gold and gold  
and silver bars, plate, and other rich  
treasures of value that can only be  
guessed at.

**Sunday Newspapers.**  
There was a time in the not far distant  
past when ministers of prominence and  
undoubted good intentions proclaimed  
from their pulpits the iniquity of the  
Sunday newspaper because it necessitated  
such a great amount of labor on the day  
that has been set aside for rest and wor-  
ship. Later it was found out that the  
bulk of the work on Monday's publica-  
tions had to be performed on Sunday,  
and the situation was unique and con-  
fusing in that the newspaper game re-  
quired the close association of at least  
two days of labor to bring out any issue  
of a paper. Now, the majority of the  
ministers realize that the Sunday news-  
paper is not necessarily a work of the  
devil, and many of them make liberal  
use of it to enable them to get into closer  
touch with the people. Of course, there  
are some Sunday newspapers that are  
not a credit to the profession from a re-  
ligious or moral standpoint, and which  
are not countenanced by the clergy. But  
it must be said, in justice, that the better  
class of Sunday papers aid materially in  
the spreading of church announcements.  
Many of them also print columns of re-  
ligious matter, Sunday school lessons for  
the young, and sermons for the old, and  
are rather influential for good than oth-  
erwise. It seems as if the good preacher  
and the good newspaper might well work  
hand-in-hand, for the preacher has no  
more just reason for objecting to the  
good newspaper than the newspaper has  
for objecting to the good preacher.

**The Climax.**  
From Everybody's.  
The courtroom was crowded. A wife  
was seeking divorce on the grounds of  
extreme cruelty and abusive treatment.  
Guns, axes, rolling-pins, and stinging in-  
vectives seemed to have played a promi-  
nent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The husband was on the stand under-  
going a grueling cross-examination.  
The examining attorney said: "You  
have testified that your wife on one  
occasion threw cayenne pepper in your  
face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you  
did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked con-  
fused. Every one expected that he was  
about to confess to some shocking act of  
cruelty. But their hopes were shattered  
when he finally blurted out:  
"I sneezed."

## NOVELS LONG AND SHORT.

**English Plan for Shorter Stories.**  
Length of Some Old Favorites.  
From the New York World.  
Plan to shorten novels to an average  
length of about 10,000 words, and to sell  
them to the general public mainly  
through the large department houses for  
50 cents apiece is being put forward  
again, both in this country and Great  
Britain.

The idea is bound to fail, as far as the  
length of novels is concerned. An arbi-  
trary measure of 10,000 words or of any  
other number cannot be fixed for what  
should be a work of art. Novels differ  
as widely as pictures in scale, and nearly  
all that have lasted for many years are  
long.

"Don Quixote" has about 600,000 words;  
"Tom Jones" about 500,000; "Vanity  
Fair," esteemed by many the best novel  
in the English language, about 500,000,  
and all the other